

# HANNIBAL DAILY JOURNAL.

O. CLEMENS, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

MONDAY EVENING, JUNE 6, 1902.

TERMS OF THE DAILY JOURNAL.  
In Advance, . . . . . \$5 for three months.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING  
IN THE DAILY JOURNAL.  
First insertion, Five Cents a Line;  
Each Insertion afterwards, Two and a Half Cents a Line.

Advertisements will be published from six to twelve days at Two Cents a Line for each insertion, including the first.

## WANTED!

AN APPRENTICE TO THE PRINTING BUSINESS!  
Apply Soon.

## RACING.

A few days ago a race---on which heavy sums were staked---was ended, though not decided, between the Eclipse and Shotwell, running from New Orleans to Louisville. One St. Louis paper wanted to send a St. Louis boat around to beat both; another published a list of Saint Louis boats that had already beaten both; and every once in a while a paragraph appears in the papers of that city, extravagantly lauding some boat for making a quick trip by a strained effort, at the imminent risk of life and property. All this is in the absence of some other source of excitement. All this reckless promotion of excitement on land leads to disastrous recklessness on the water. Some day the timbers of one of these boats will suddenly separate and sail off skyward, while her cargo will go to the bottom; there will be scalded flesh on the writhing bodies of sufferers lying on beds from which they will never rise again, except to creep maimed and disfigured through the balance of life; there will be human forms torn in pieces and sent whirling through the air. The St. Louis papers will then have an interesting explosion, with its attendant losses, to chronicle, and can spice the account with virtuous denunciations of reckless steamboat officers.

Next Friday will be held the Bible Revision Meeting in this city. Those who have the ability and the disposition to be hospitable, will please make arrangements to entertain as many as they can.

**REDUCED FARE TO NEW YORK.**—We are authorized by H. H. Buchanan, the courteous and energetic railroad and steamboat agent, to say that the fare from this city to New York has again been reduced. The present fare by the steamboat line to Cincinnati and the railroad line thence to New York, by the way either of Dunkirk or Buffalo, is only sixteen dollars, and, if the route by the way of Buffalo be taken to Albany and the steamboat line thence to New York, the whole fare from Louisville to New York city is but fifteen dollars. This is probably the cheapest traveling in the world; and when it is considered that travelers leaving Cincinnati in the morning dine in New York city on the next day, the reader will see that a trip to the emporium of the New World costs scarcely anything either in money or time.

[Lou. Jour.]

## UNION PRAYER MEETING.

There will be a regular monthly Union Prayer Meeting held to night in the First Presbyterian Church—for the success of the Temperance Cause.

**MARRYING ONE'S OWN NIECE.**—CONTRADICTION.—It appears from the Buffalo Commercial that the monstrous proposition said to have been adopted by the New School Presbyterian Church that a man may lawfully marry his niece, was only received as a report from Dr. Cox, and was not adopted by that body.

**MURDER MOST FOUL.**—On Tuesday last, says the Green Bay Advocate, at about five o'clock in the morning, a Menomonee Indian called "Joe" killed his brother-in-law, another Indian, instantly, by stabbing him through the heart. They were quarreling over a bottle of whisky. The murderer immediately fled for the woods. He will probably be allowed to go free, as the Menomonees of late years are very loose in enforcing their laws, and the whites seldom attempt to bring them to justice for any acts of violence committed among themselves.

**SOLITARY MEALS.**—You should endeavor to avoid dining alone. Agreeable company and conversation at table helps to promote digestion. A meal taken in solitude, especially if the mind is in an unsocial or oppressed mood, will not do you half the good that it would if taken in a cheerful and social manner.

**FEMALE SOCIETY.**—By all means mix as often as you can with refined female society. A dignified, social intercourse with intelligent female society has a happy effect upon the character. It tends to soften down asperities, promote cheerfulness, refine the feelings, and to save a young man from vicious company. It should be more reserved than we generally allow with our own sex, but never more trifling.

**TALKING OF OTHERS.**—It is very difficult, and requires all "the wisdom of the serpent and the harmlessness of the dove," to talk of people, without violating the laws of charity or of truth; it is therefore best to avoid it. By substituting books, and the vast variety of characters and opinions which they present, you give yourself and your companions ample scope for the expression of your thoughts and feelings, for the discussion of various questions, for sharpening each other's wits by collision of sentiment, correcting the judgment by comparison and discrimination, and strengthening the memory by repetition and quotation.

## Teeth set on Edge.

All acid food and drinks, medicines, and tooth washes and powders, are very injurious to the teeth. If a tooth is put in cider, vinegar, lemon-juices, or tartaric acid, in a few hours the enamel will be completely destroyed, so that it can be removed by the finger-nail, as if it were chalk. Most people have experienced what is commonly called teeth set on edge. The explanation of it is, the acid of the fruit that has been eaten has so softened the enamel of the tooth, that the least pressure is felt by the exceedingly small nerves which pervade the thin membranes connecting the enamel and the bony part of the tooth. Such an effect cannot be produced without injuring the enamel. True, it will become hard again, when the acid is removed by the fluids of the mouth, just as an egg-shell that has been softened in this way becomes hard again by being put into the water. When the effect of sour fruit on the teeth subsides, they feel as well, but they are not as well. And the oftener it is repeated, the sooner the disastrous consequences are manifested.

## Another Death From Chloroform.

A man named Lewis Fitz cut his leg very badly near Pittsburgh, some weeks ago, and not having it properly dressed, mortification began to take place. On Monday two physicians undertook to amputate the leg, with the aid of chloroform, but unfortunately the dose proved too large for his debilitated and nervous system, and he died in about a minute after its application. The coroner's jury, in their verdict, recommended "that the medical faculty be extremely careful how they administer chloroform, believing that they should never use it unless in extreme cases, and then only with the greatest caution."

## Gastronomical Danger.

German sausages are formed of blood, brains, liver, bacon, milk, flour and bread, thrust, with salt and spice, into a bladder or intestine, then boiled, and finally smoked. When the last drying process is not efficiently performed, the sausages ferment; they grow soft, and slightly pale in the middle; and in this state they occasion in the bodies of those who eat them a series of remarkable changes, followed by death. The blood and the muscles of a sausage-poisoned man gradually waste; as also do all the other organs and tissues susceptible of putrefaction. The patient suffers a horrible sensation of drying up; his saliva becomes viscous; his frame shrinks to the condition of a mummy; he then dies, and his corpse, which is as stiff as if frozen, contains only fat, tendons, bones, and a few other substances incapable of putrifying in the ordinary conditions of the body.

**WHO IS WASHINGTON?**—The London Daily News lately stated, that an old English newspaper is still extant wherein the pertinent inquiry is made, "Who is Geordy Washington?" Replying to his own query, the journal states that "Geordy" is an obscure leader of militia-men, who meddles with matters that are above his comprehension, and whose obscure life will be "rounded" by the gallows if he continues his treasonable practices, and "provokes his betters too far." Further, the public is requested to decide upon his character by the station of his associates, one of whom is spoken of as a "dirty printer's man, named Benjamin Franklin."

[Mobile Tribune.]

## Grand Jury Presentments in Olden Times.

We have seen (says a New Haven paper) some of the records of Hartford county, dated as far back as 1652, two hundred and one years ago. Among them we find the following funny ones:

We present Enoch Grant, a Scotchman, for abandoning his wife, and then refusing to live with her when ordered by the Court. Ordered to pay four shillings and sixpence and the Jurors' fees, and to be watched by a constable until he goes home to live.

We present Abel Ackerman, for scandalous conduct in visiting Sally Well's house, after warning given. Fined 3s. and Jurors' fees.

We present Jere. Shear for being a lazy idle fellow, who walks about town and neglects his calling. First complaint, fined 1s. 6d. and Jurors' fees.

We present John Wadleigh for a common sleeper on the Lord's Day, in public meeting. Fined 3s. and Jurors' fees.

We present William Wadel for denying the College to be the ordinance of God, and other blasphemous talk, and recommend a fine of £5 for such scandalous conduct. Fined £5 accordingly.

An important movement has been made in the New School Presbyterian General Assembly at Buffalo. A large sum is appropriated, after the Congregational fashion, for purposes of church extension in the West. On the second Sunday in November a general collection is to be taken up in all the churches in aid of the project. The funds to be raised will be entrusted to a committee resident in New York and Philadelphia. Nineteen thousand dollars from Missouri and Illinois are already obtained, and will be made over. The great and praiseworthy success of the similar effort undertaken by the Congregational denomination inspires hopes of a like reception for this.—[New York Times.]

**A BAD SIGN.**—It is a bad sign to see a man with his hat off at midnight, explaining the principles and the theory of his party to a lamp-post. It is also a bad sign to see a fellow lie down in the gutter, supposing it to be his bed, and commence calling a poor, innocent hog all sorts of hard names, mistaking it for his wife.

**A BEAR SHOT WITH A CANDLE.**—A few days ago a large bear, owned by Mr. Privat, who resides on the peninsula opposite Toronto, Canada, was shot in rather a novel manner—a common candle having been put in place of a ball into the gun. The candle entered immediately behind the ear, and almost instantly deprived the animal of life. It was very fat, and was about four years old.

One David Poor, of Medina county, Ohio, advertises Peter Seaver as having run away with his wife and his sorrel mare. He says if the fellow will only send back the mare, he may keep the woman, and no questions will be asked. [P. S. Since the above was in type we hear that the wife has been sent back without the mare. A heartless scamp, that Seaver.]

A man whom Doctor Johnson once reprimed for following a useless and demoralizing business, said in excuse:

"You know, Doctor, that I must live."

The brave old hater of everything mean and hateful coolly replied that "he did not see the least necessity for that."

The following advertisement, extracted from Franklin's newspaper, shows the locality of the postoffice of Philadelphia, and the speed with which the mail was carried, a little more than a century ago:

"October 27, 1737.—Notice is hereby given that the postoffice of Philadelphia is now kept at B. Franklin's in Market street, and that Henry Pratt is appointed Riding Postmaster for all stages between Philadelphia and Newport, in Virginia, who sets out about the beginning of each month, and returns in twenty-four days---by whom gentlemen, merchants and others may have their letters carefully conveyed, and business faithfully transacted---he having given good security for the same to the Honorable Colonel Spotswood, Postmaster General of all his Majesty's dominions in America."

## BURNING MOUNTAIN.

That portion of the Broad Mountain, called the "Fiery Mountain," from the fact of the Anthracite coal at that point being on fire---which has been burning for the past fifteen years, is situated about five miles from Minersville, and fifteen from Schuylkill Haven, Pa.—It is now considered a very dangerous experiment to travel over the mountain, as it is supposed that in many places the surface is a mere superficial crust or shell, the coal having been consumed up to the surface, and hence the least pressure thereon, it is presumed, might break through and let the adventurer down into the fiery chasm below. At the base of the mountain in one place, a stream of water almost boiling-hot, comes out. The surface of the mountain presents a desolate appearance, as far as the eye can reach.

## City Life—Intemperance.

BY INVISIBLE GHOST, ESQ.

A Local Editor or Reporter of a city daily newspaper, is thrown into all shades of society, all classes of the community. Fashion and poverty, intelligence and degradation, honesty and corruption, virtue and villainy, are the subjects of a continual investigation with him—made so by the duties of his vocation. From the description of a brilliant festival, "which he has had the honor to attend," he descends into the meanest hovel, to gather the particulars of a "horrid occurrence" or a "revolting spectacle." There are no places in this city where reporters are more frequently thrown, in pursuit of "items," than coffee-houses, those tempting places of refreshment (?) where men do congregate, to while away an idle hour in social conversation, and to sip stimulating fluids until elated with an unnatural flow of spirits. In those most frequented, he is sure to hear some news, or to be put upon the track of an item. And, how often is it the case, that in these gilded palaces of pleasure, he commences a story which ends in a far different place. How often, amid

"The sounds of revelry by night," does he witness the poor inebriate, whose only hope of life is burning liquor, and whose "sudden death" he will be under the painful necessity to record the next day? How often does he see men there, full of life, glee and humor, whose wives and children are starving over their restless needles? How often does he hear the cruel boast of the seducer, that his victim is degraded beyond redemption, and yet be compelled to witness the ravings of that victim, confined in a cell of the watch-house? I have traced many a sad story from the coffee-house to the grave, but none more sorrowful than the following:

The patrons of the W--- Restaurant, on Fifth Street, all knew John Smith, (I give him that name) the pert little shoemaker, who was always to be found there after dark, unless otherwise particularly engaged. He had the reputation of being one of the cleverest men in the world, and in truth he never hesitated to "treat the party," when he had the funds to do it,—was always full of fun, ready to tell or play a joke. He was commonly known as "Snob John," and was a great favorite with the frequenters of W--- Restaurant. He was a hard-working man,—that is he worked full ten hours every day, until he made enough ahead for a spree, and then his shop missed his presence for many days after his funds run out. I say many days, for he was such a clever fellow, so full of fun, that his sprees were prolonged by the purses of kindred spirits, who could never be without him in a frolic.

I always supposed "Snob John" to be a jolly old bachelor, who could sing with truth,

"I care for nobody,  
Nobody cares for me."

and was determined to sail down the stream of life as merry as possible, without infringing upon the happiness of others. I was therefore not a little surprised when a friend of his informed me, that John was a husband and a father, but, as the "old woman was sorter cross, he didn't often go home." From that time I could not entertain so good an opinion of him as before,—his mirth appeared devilish, and his wit stale, flat and unprofitable.

Last Christmas eve the W--- restaurant was crowded with frolickers, celebrating that sacred anniversary with debauchery and blasphemy. In one of the upper rooms, a party of ten or twelve persons were having a jolly time over the "luxuries of the season," and the best of the bar. Among them was "Snob John," in fact, he was the prince of the party, for his humor made them lively, his jokes kept them merry. They were all in the happiest mood, when a little ragged boy about nine years of age, opened the door of the room, and with shivering limbs, unobserved, approached "Snob John." Timidly laying his hands upon his arm, he whispered:

"Father, mother wants you."

The father, unlike the rest of the party, was not in the least surprised by the appearance and conduct of the child. But without a change in his countenance, he rose up, seized the little fellow by the ear, led him to the door, gave him a kick, and bid him go home.

"Is that your boy?" asked one of the party of Snob, as he returned to the table.

"My boy!" replied the shoemaker, with a forced smile, "he knows who his mother is, but the d---I couldn't father him."

"I thought he called you father?"

(To be Continued.)

More work for females is provided for by the striking of the b'hoys in New York, and in Philadelphia, the waiters at the hotels are displaced by neat, tidy and modest young women. A large number of girls are also employed in type-setting. Several offices have prepared separate rooms for girls engaged in their business. The day is not far distant when women will not be exclusively engaged in plying the needle.